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# Sing Evermore!

## *Songs in Celebration of Singing*

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**Duration: 30 minutes**

## PROGRAM NOTES

The texts for these songs span many centuries—from Richard Barnfield’s “In Praise of Music and Poetry” (published in 1598) to the uplifting “Everyone Sang,” written by Siegfried Sassoon at the end of World War I. There is even a reference to Merlin, of King Arthur’s court, in Emerson’s opening poem “Merlin’s Song.”

From early to recent, the poems have the common thread of praising music for its power, its magic, its solace and its liberation. And it is this universal message which has inspired *Sing Evermore!*

Emerson was captivated with Welsh Bardic poetry, thus “Merlin’s Song” has archaic references (the bow, the warrior, Merlin himself). Music is mystery, it restores good health, it brings eternal youth...if one travels lightly (to live well with those who have few possessions). *Live in the sunshine, swim the sea...*

“In Praise of Music and Poetry” is a charming duet (or duel!) between a woman (who loves music) and a man (who loves poetry). Ah, the battle between Dowland and Spencer, the rivalry between the lute and the couplets! They both survive...

“The Lost Chord” gives occasion to explore complex harmonies as an expression of the mystery of chords. These are added-tone sonorities—clusters. The author searches for that perfect peace, *the one lost chord divine*, which, perhaps may only be heard in Heaven. It is a *grand Amen*.

Sara Teasdale’s poem “Refuge” is a testament to the strength of human spirit. For despite adversity, one can still sing, and in the singing find a refuge, *a house of shining words*. [The *shining* image led to a shimmering accompaniment.] *And when I sing, I am free*.

“The Caged Bird Sings” is based on a poem by African American poet Paul Laurence Dunbar. The bird, a prisoner in his cage, *beats his wing till*

*the blood is red on the cruel bars*. He sings a plea, to Heaven, for *he would be free*.

The message of “The Gift to Sing” is that, even in the darkest of times, music can lift the soul. *I have a magic way to turn the gloom to brightest day—I softly sing*. One can sing softly, one can sing forcefully (with determination) and one must **always** sing with passion!

Walt Whitman’s poem “I Hear America Singing” (excerpted from *Leaves of Grass*), with its many references to men singing at their work, seems best suited to the direct and forceful character of unaccompanied men’s chorus. *I hear America in song*.

A short flute introduction of music floating across the sky opens “Sky-Born Music.” The poet (Emerson) writes that music is heard not only in places of beauty, but also in the mud, the dark, in the *daily flow of things*. For there, always, *something sings*.

The concluding song, “Everyone Sang,” is supremely uplifting. No other song could follow in this set. The image of the bird (the spirit in flight, freedom) reappears. Perhaps this bird, which is free and wings *wildly across the white orchards*, is the liberation of the *caged bird* from the Dunbar poem. Much of the accompaniment for this song is upward arpeggios, as celebration, as the soul rising. For this poem was written at the close of World War I. Lines like *My heart was shaken with tears, and horror drifted away* can only begin to capture the spirit of the times.

The majestic bird imagery in this poem brought to mind “The Windhover” of Gerard Manley Hopkins (published in 1918). And thus the familiar *My heart in hiding stirred for this bird* is woven into this vision of ecstasy. Then, returning to the Sassoon text, the song closes with *O but everyone was a bird, the song was wordless, the singing will never be done!*

## THOUGHTS ABOUT THE MUSICAL SETTING

These are separate songs, which can be performed individually, yet are ordered in this set for a cohesive flow. This work is scored for flute and string quartet, or flute and string orchestra, but can be performed with piano, adding flute where written. The flute represents the *bird* (imagery in many of the songs), the *soul in flight*, the *voice of freedom*.

## POEMS

### 1. Merlin's Song

I know a song which, though sung ever  
so softly, a few can hear—only six or  
seven or eight can hear; yet they who  
hear it become young again. When it is  
sung, the stars twinkle gladly, and the  
moon bends nearer the earth.

Of Merlin wise I learned a song,—  
Sing it soft or sing it loud,  
This song is mightier than the strong,  
And punishes the very, very proud.  
I sing it to the surging crowd,—  
Good men it will calm and cheer,  
Bad men it will chain and cage—  
In the heart of music rings a strain  
Which only angels hear;  
Whether it waken joy or rage  
Hushed crowds listen in vain,  
Yet they who hear it shed their age,  
And take their youth again.

Hear what British Merlin sung,  
Of keenest eye and truest tongue.  
As thou treads upon thy road,  
See thou lift the lightest load.  
And thou, O warrior son, beware!  
Ponderous gold and stuffs to bear,  
To falter ere thou task fulfill,—  
Only the light-armed climb the hill.  
The richest of all lords is Use,  
And vibrant Health the loftiest Muse.

Live in the sunshine, swim the sea,  
Drink the wild air's salubrity—good health!  
When the star of evening shines in June,  
Shepherds are thankful and nations swoon.  
The music that can deepest reach,  
And cure all ill, is cordial speech:  
Mask thy wisdom with delight,  
Toy with the bow, yet hit the white.  
Of all wit's uses, the highest one  
Is to live well...with who has none.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson (G. Walker, alt.)  
from The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1904)*

### 2. In Praise of Music and Poetry

*(a reconciliation)*

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
as well they must (the sister and the brother),  
then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
as well they must (the sister and the brother),  
then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Shall music and sweet poetry agree?  
I love the one, and I the other.  
I love to hear the sweet melodious sound  
that Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes.  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
when singing heav'nly couplets he betakes.

Sweet music! Sweet poetry! Ah! Ah!

Dowland to me is dear.  
Spencer needs no defense.  
The lute is the queen of music!  
The couplets are divine!

One god is god of both (as poets say).  
One knight loves both, and both in beauty stay.

*Richard Barnfield  
from Poems in Divers Humors (1598)*

### 3. The Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loth to cease.

I struck a chord, a lost chord.

For I have sought it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

*Adelaide Anne Procter (1858)*

### 4. Refuge

From my spirit's gray defeat,  
From my pulse's flagging beat,  
From my hopes that turned to sand  
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,  
From my own fault's slavery,  
If I can sing, I still am free.  
For with my singing I can make  
A refuge for my spirit's sake,  
A house of shining words, to be  
My fragile immortality.

If I can sing...  
and when I sing,  
I sing, and I am free.

For in my singing I can hear  
the words of healing, soft and clear,  
the melding of the parts to whole,  
the very language of the soul.

If I can sing...  
and when I sing...  
and then I sing,  
I sing, and I am free.

*Sara Teasdale (Additional words by G. Walker)  
from Love Songs (1917)*

### 5. The Caged Bird Sings

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slope;  
When the wind stirs soft through  
the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings  
and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels.

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he ride on the bough a-swing;  
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars,  
And they pulse again with a keener sting—  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
When his wing is bruised  
and his heart is sore,—  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer he sends  
from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings.

A prayer, a plea, he sings,  
And would be free!

*Paul Laurence Dunbar  
based on the poem "Sympathy" (1899)*

### 6. The Gift to Sing

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,  
And blackening clouds about me cling.  
But, oh, I have a magic way  
To turn the gloom to brightest day—  
I softly sing.  
And if the way grows darker still,  
Shadowed beneath a somber wing,  
With glad defiance in my throat,  
I pierce the darkness with a note,  
And sing, and I can sing.

[Sing with joy and with delight.  
Sing with conviction, and sing it right!  
Sing from the heart, and let it soar.  
Sing with passion, evermore!]\*

I brood not over the broken past,  
Nor dread whatever time may bring.  
No nights are dark, no days are long,  
But in my heart there lives a song,  
And I can sing.

*James Weldon Johnson  
from Fifty Years and Other Poems (1917)  
(Altered and with additional words by G. Walker)*

\*This stanza was added by the composer.

## 7. I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;  
Those of mechanics—each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;  
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat—the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench—the blacksmith singing as he stands;  
The wood-cutter’s song—the farmer on his way in the morning, or at noon, or at sundown;  
The gentle singing of the mother—or of the wife at home with her work—or of the young girl studying her lessons;  
or dreaming... Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;  
The day sings what belongs to the day—The night—the party of young fellows, robust, and friendly,  
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs. I hear America. I hear America, in song.

Walt Whitman (G. Walker, alt.)  
from *Leaves of Grass* (1900)

## 8. Sky-Born Music

Let me go where I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
It sounds from all things old,  
It sounds from all things young,  
From all that’s fair, from all that’s foul,  
rings out a cheerful song.

Let me go, let me go, let me go where I will...

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of voices heard,  
But in the darkest, coldest things,  
There always, always, something sings.

It is not in the stars alone,  
Nor in the budding flower,  
Nor in sweet nature’s mellow tone,  
Nor in the rainbow shower,  
But in the mud and dirt of things,  
And in the daily flow of things,  
In the deepest, darkest, coldest things,  
There always, always, something sings.

Hour by hour, day by day,  
The stream of life bears me away.  
Though I shall travel where’er I will,  
Yet I will hear this music still.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (G. Walker, alt.)  
from *The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1904)

## 9. Everyone Sang

Ev’ryone suddenly burst out singing,  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white orchards  
and dark green fields  
On, on, and out of sight.

Ev’ryone’s voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears  
And horror drifted away.  
O but ev’ryone was a bird  
And the song was wordless,  
The singing will never be done.

Siegfried Sassoon  
published in *Picture Show* (1919)

and excerpt from

### “The Windhover”

My heart in hiding stirred for this bird—  
the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Gerard Manley Hopkins (G. Walker, alt.)  
published in *Poems* (1918)

# Sing Evermore!

## Songs in Celebration of Singing

for Soprano and Baritone Soloists, SATB Chorus (divisi), Flute, and String Orchestra

Gwyneth Walker

### 1. Merlin's Song

SATB Chorus

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882)

G. Walker, alt.

Slowly, the mystery of music

Flute *mf cantabile*

Fl. *p* *rit.* *p*

5 SOLOISTS come to the front of the stage.  
(They may be of any suitable vocal range)

Recitative style, free tempo, not rushed

Solo 1 *p* gently, to express the magic of music

Solo (1, 3, 5)

*rapidly blurred, but not aligned, to create a quiet murmuring of "magical" music*

I know a song which, though sung ever softly, a few can hear;

Vlns. I *pp* barely audible

Vlns. II *pp* barely audible

Vla. *pp* barely audible

Vlc. *pp* barely audible

Solo 3 *p*

Solo (1, 3, 5)

Solo 2 *p*

Solo (2, 4)

only six or seven or eight can hear;

yet they who hear it be - come young a - gain.

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.



Solo (1, 3, 5) *Solo 5 p* and the moon bends near - er the earth,

Solo (2, 4) *Solo 4 p* When it is sung, the stars twin - kle glad - ly,

I Vlns. *fade out*

II Vlns. *fade out*

Vla. *fade out*

Vlc. *fade out*

SOLOISTS return to the chorus

**A** Jaunty tempo  $\text{♩} = 82$   
suitable for a "musical fable"

Fl. *mf*

S A *mf*  
Of Mer - lin wise I —

**A** Jaunty tempo  $\text{♩} = 82$   
suitable for a "musical fable"

I Vlns. *mf*

II Vlns. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vlc. *mf*

Cb. *mf*



16

S  
A

learned a song, *(mf)* This song is might-i-er than the strong,

T  
B

*p enthusiastically* sing it soft or sing it loud! *mf* and *(mf)*

I  
Vlns.

II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

*p* *mf* *simile*

21

S  
A

I sing it to the surg-ing crowd.

T  
B

pun-ish-es the ver-y, ver-y proud. Ah

I  
Vlns.

II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

*p* *mf*

26 **B** (*mf*)

S  
A  
T  
B

Good men it will calm and cheer. In the  
(*mf*)  
Bad men it will chain and cage.

**B**

I  
Vlns.  
II  
Vla.  
Vlc.  
Cb.

*mf*

31

S  
A  
T  
B

heart of mu - sic rings a strain Wheth - er it wa - ken  
*smoothly*  
which on - ly the an - gels hear.

**C**

**C**

I  
Vlns.  
II  
Vla.  
Vlc.  
Cb.

## 2. In Praise of Music and Poetry\*

(a reconciliation)  
Soprano and Baritone Soloists

Richard Barnfield (1574–1620)

The Soprano and Baritone soloists come to the front of the stage and bow amicably to one another at the start of the song. (See footnote regarding the use of props in performance)\*

**Slowly, as an introduction** Soprano Solo  
*mf* quasi recitative

**A Moderate tempo** ♩ = 88  
(suitable for recitative)

Sop. Solo

Bar. Solo

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.

*arco, rolled arpeggios with a flourish!*

*f*

*p unobtrusive*

[Cb. rests until m. 16] *f*

*rolled pizz.*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

\*This charming duet may be enhanced with props relating to the dichotomy of music and poetry. Women in the chorus may hold up posters displaying lutes and musical scores. Men in the chorus may display large volumes of poetry, or a poster of Spencer’s bust! Props are raised and lowered to cheer on one’s “team.” [For example, women raise/display props when Soprano sings, Men raise/display props when Baritone sings. This “cheering on” will be especially active during the “duel” section at letter I]

9

Sop. Solo

Bar. Solo

I

Vlns. *mf*

II

Vla. *mf*

Vlc. *mf*

*rolled pizz.*

13 **B** *f* *mf*

Sop. Solo

Bar. Solo *f* *mf*

I **B** *arco* *f* *mf*

Vlns. *f* *mf*

II *arco* *f* *mf*

Vla. *arco* *f* *mf*

Vlc. *arco* *f* *mf*

16 With motion ♩ = 108

Sop. Solo

Bar. Solo

I Vlns. (mf) p

II Vlns. (mf) p

Vla. (mf) p

Vlc. (mf) p

Cb. (arco) mf p

20 **C** mf with enthusiasm

Sop. Solo

Bar. Solo

I Vlns. **C** rolled pizz., as if strumming a lute mf

II Vlns. rolled pizz., as if strumming a lute mf

Vla. rolled pizz., as if strumming a lute mf

Vlc. rolled pizz., as if strumming a lute mf pizz.

Cb. mf

### 3. The Lost Chord SATB Chorus

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864)

Gently flowing ♩ = 108

Fl. *p*

Vlns. I *rolled pizz.* *p*

Vlns. II *rolled pizz.* *p*

Vla. *rolled pizz.* *p*

Vlc. *rolled pizz.* *p*

Cb. *pizz.* *p*

5 *rit.* *mf* *p* *p* *gently, reflectively* **A** *a tempo*

S  
A  
T  
B

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wear - y and ill at

*p* *gently, reflectively*

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wear - y and ill at

*arco* *rit.* *mf* *p* *(p)* **A** *a tempo*

Vlns. I *arco* *mf* *p* *(p)*

Vlns. II *arco* *mf* *p* *(p)*

Vla. *arco* *mf* *p* *(p)*

Vlc. *arco* *mf* *p* *(p)*

Cb. *arco* *mf* *p* *(p)*

9 *Alto div.*

S  
A ease, and my fin - gers wan - dered i - dly *unis.* o - ver the noi - sy keys.

T  
B ease, and my fin - gers wan - dered i - dly o - ver the keys.

I *rolled pizz.* *arco*

Vlns. *rolled pizz.* *arco*

II *rolled pizz.* *arco*

Vla. *rolled pizz.* *arco*

Vlc. *rolled pizz.* *arco*

Cb. *pizz.* *arco*

14 **B**

S  
A

T  
B I do not know what I was play - ing, or what I was dream - ing

I *gliss. to end of string* **B**

Vlns. *gliss. to end of string*

II *gliss. to end of string*

Vla. *gliss. to end of string*

Vlc. *gliss. to end of string* *div.*

Cb. *gliss. to end of string*



18

S A *p*  
but I struck one chord of mu - sic, like the sound of a great A -

T B  
then; but I struck one chord of mu - sic, like the sound of a great A -

I *rolled pizz.*

Vlns. *rolled pizz.*

II *rolled pizz.*

Vla. *rolled pizz.*

Vlc. *unis. rolled pizz.*

Cb. *pizz.*

22

Fl. *delicately, suggesting twilight*  
*mp*

S A  
men, A - men.

T B  
men, A - men.

I *arco* (*p*)

Vlns. *arco* (*p*)

II *arco* (*p*)

Vla. *arco*

Vlc. *arco*

Cb. *arco*

26 [C] Same tempo

Fl. *mp*

S  
A *mp*  
It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light like the

T  
B *mp*  
It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light like the

[C] Same tempo

Vlns. I *mp*

Vlns. II *mp*

Vla. *p* *mp*

Vlc. *p* *mp*

Cb. *p* *mp* *pizz.*

30

Fl. *mp*

S  
A *Alto div.*  
close of an an - gel's psalm, and it lay on my fe - vered spir - it [with a

T  
B *div.*  
close of an an - gel's psalm, and it lay on my fe - vered spir - it

Vlns. I *div.*

Vlns. II *div.*

Vla. *div.*

Vlc. *arco*

Cb. *arco*

# 4. Refuge

SATB Chorus

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933), first published 1917  
 Additional words by G. Walker

**Quickly** ♩ = 120

Fl. *p* lightly, as a song in the air

Vlns. I *pizz.* *p*

Vlns. II *pizz.* *p*

Vla. *pizz.* *p*

Vlc. Cb. *a2 pizz.* *p*

**5** **A** **Moderate tempo** ♩ = 112

Fl. *(p)* *mp*

S A *p* gently, almost recited *mp*

T B *p* gently, almost recited *mp*

From my spir - it's gray de - feat, from my pul - se's flag - ging beat, from my hopes that

From my spir - it's gray de - feat, from my pul - se's flag - ging beat, from my hopes that

**A** **Moderate tempo** ♩ = 112

Vlns. I *arco* *(p)* for rehearsal only

Vlns. II *arco* *(p)* for rehearsal only

Vla. *arco* *(p)* for rehearsal only

Vlc. Cb. *arco* *(p)* for rehearsal only

10

Fl. *(mp)* *mf* *mf*

S  
A  
T  
B

turned to sand sift - ing through my close - clenched hand, from my own fault's slav - er - y, if

turned to sand sift - ing through my close - clenched hand, from my own fault's slav - er - y, if

I  
Vlns. *(reh.)* *mf* Play

II *(reh.)* *mf* Play

Vla. *(reh.)* *mf* Play

Vlc.  
Cb. *(reh.)* *mf* Play

**B**

15

S  
A

I can sing, I still am free.

T

I can sing, I still am free.

B

I can sing... I still am

I  
Vlns. *(mf)*

II *(mf)* pizz. arco

Vla. *(mf)*

Vlc.  
Cb. *(mf)*

C (♩ = 120)

19 Slightly faster ♩ = 120, with motion

(mf) cantabile

S  
A  
T  
B

For with my sing - ing

Slightly faster ♩ = 120, with motion

C (♩ = 120)

I  
Vlns.  
II  
Vla.  
Vlc.  
Cb.

24

*p sub.*

S  
A  
T  
B

I can make a ref - uge for my spir - it's sake, my

(mf) cantabile

*p sub.*

I  
Vlns.  
II  
Vla.  
Vlc.  
Cb.

div. unis. rolled pizz. p

div. unis. (arco) p

rolled pizz. p

pizz. p

p

29

D

*mf* triumphantly

S  
A  
frag - ile im - mor - tal - i - ty. \_\_\_\_\_ If I can sing . . . \_\_\_\_\_ and

T  
B  
frag - ile im - mor - tal - i - ty. \_\_\_\_\_ If I can sing . . . \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* triumphantly

D

Vlns. I *arco* (*p*) *mf*

Vlns. II *arco* (*p*) *mf*

Vla. (*p*) *mf*

Vlc. *arco* (*p*) *mf*

Cb. *arco* (*p*) *mf*

34

*f*

S  
A  
when I sing, I sing, and I am free. \_\_\_\_\_

T  
B  
\_\_\_\_\_ I sing, and I am free. \_\_\_\_\_

*f*

Vlns. I *f*

Vlns. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vlc. *f*

Cb. *f*

# 5. The Caged Bird Sings

SATB Chorus

Based on the poem "Sympathy"  
by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1906)

**Free tempo**  
*as bird calls*

Fl. *mf*

Fl. *p*

9 **A** Moderately slow ♩ = 76 *p*

S  
A *p tenderly*  
I know what the caged bird feels, a - las! when the

T  
B *p tenderly*  
I know what the caged bird feels, a - las! when the

**A** Moderately slow ♩ = 76

I *con sord. div. unis. p*

II *con sord. div. unis. p*

Vla. *con sord. p*

Vlc. *con sord. p*

Cb. *con sord. p*



Slightly faster

12

Fl.

S  
A

T  
B

sun is bright on the up - land slope; when the wind stirs soft through the

sun is bright on the up - land slope;

Slightly faster

I  
Vlns.

II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

15

S  
A

T  
B

spring - ing grass, when the

and the riv - er flows like a stream of glass;

smoothly flowing

I  
Vlns.

II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

div.

unis. 3

div.

**B** *div.* *mf*

S  
A  
T  
B

first bird sings, and the first bud o - pens,  
and the first bud o - pens, and the faint per - fume from the

**B** *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *p*

Vlns. I II

Vla. *unis.* *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *p* *pizz.*

Vlc. Cb. *a2* *mf* *p*

**C** *poco rit.* **Tempo I** (♩ = 76)

22 *unis.* *p* *mf* *div.* *mf*

S  
A  
T  
B

Ah, I know, I know what the caged bird  
I know, I know what the caged bird  
chal - ice steals I know, I know,  
chal - ice steals I know, I know,

*poco rit.* **C** **Tempo I** (♩ = 76)

Vlns. I II *arco* *p* *mf*

Vla. *arco* *mf*

Vlc. Cb. *arco, Vlc. div.* *div.* *mf*

25

Fl. *mf*

S  
feels.

A  
feels.

T  
I know what he feels.

B  
I know what he feels.

Vlns. I *div.* *p* *via sord.*

Vlns. II *p* *via sord.*

Vla. *p* *via sord.*

Vlc. Cb. *a2* *p* *via sord.*

29 **D** Same tempo

Fl. *mp*

S  
*mp* *mf* *with intensity* *(mf)*  
I know why the caged bird beats his wing till its blood is red on the cruel bars;— for

T  
*mp* *mf* *with intensity*  
I know why the caged bird beats his wing till its blood is red on the cruel bars;—

**D** Same tempo  
*senza sord.*

Vlns. I *mp* *senza sord.*

Vlns. II *mp* *senza sord.*

Vla. *mp* *senza sord.*

Vlc. Cb. *mp*

Jointly commissioned by Choral Spectrum and the Oberlin Choristers, Oberlin, Ohio,  
for their anniversary seasons: Choral Spectrum (50th season), Choristers (25th season),  
and the Williamsburg (VA) Women's Chorus, in celebration of their 50th season (1965-2015)

## 6. The Gift to Sing

Women's Chorus (SSA)

James Weldon Johnson (1871–1938)

Altered and with additional words by G. Walker

**Slowly, grandly** ♩ = 92

Fl.

S1  
S2

A

The gift to sing. I have the gift to sing.

The gift to sing. I have the gift to sing.

*rit.*

**Slowly, grandly** ♩ = 92

*senza sord.*

I

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

*f*

*div. unis.*

*rit.*

**With motion** ♩ = 108  
*a pattern of mist in the background*

6

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

[Cb. rests until m. 23]

A

10 *p* gently

S1 Some - times the mist o - ver - hangs my path, \_\_\_\_\_ *p* gently

S2 \_\_\_\_\_ and *p* gently

A \_\_\_\_\_ and

A

Vlns. I \_\_\_\_\_

Vlns. II \_\_\_\_\_

Vla. \_\_\_\_\_

Vlc. \_\_\_\_\_

13

S1 \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* But, oh, I have a

S2 black - en - ing clouds a - bout me cling. \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* But, oh, I have a

A black - en - ing clouds a - bout me cling. \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* But, oh, I have a

Vlns. I \_\_\_\_\_ *mp*

Vlns. II \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* div.

Vla. \_\_\_\_\_ *mp*

Vlc. \_\_\_\_\_ *mp*

17 *mf poco accel.* *p*

S1 mag - ic way to turn the gloom to bright - est day— I soft - ly

S2 mag - ic way to turn the gloom to bright - est day— I soft - ly

A mag - ic way to turn the gloom to bright - est day— I soft - ly sing, I

*mf* *p* *poco accel.*

Vlns. I *p* *mf* *p*

Vlns. II *p* *mf* *p*

Vla. *pizz. unis.* *p* *arco* *(p)* *mf* *p*

Vlc. *p*

22 Slightly faster ♩ = 120

Fl. *p* *mf*

S1 sing. *mf*

S2 sing. *mf*

A sing. *mf*

Vlns. I Slightly faster ♩ = 120 *mf*

Vlns. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vlc. *mf*

Cb. *mf*

*p* *mf*

25 **B**

Fl. *p* (*mf*) (*p*)

S1 And if the way grows dark - er still,

S2 *p* sing, sing, sing,

A *p* sing, sing, sing,

Vlns. I *p*

Vlns. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vlc. Cb. *a2* *p*

29 **Free tempo**

Fl. *f* *forcefully*

S1 shad - owed be - neath a som - ber wing, with *f* *forcefully*

S2 (*p*) sing, sing, with *f* *forcefully*

A (*p*) sing, sing, with *f* *forcefully*

Vlns. I **Free tempo**

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc. Cb.



# 7. I Hear America Singing

Men's Chorus (TTBB) unaccompanied

from *Leaves of Grass*  
 Walt Whitman (1819–1892)  
 published 1900, G. Walker, alt.

**A** Moderate tempo ♩ = 88  
*mf* with warmth

**Free tempo**

T1  
 T2  
 B1  
 B2

I hear A - mer - i - ca sing - ing, —

I hear A - mer - i - ca sing - ing, —

Vlc. *Solo*  
*p*

---

5

*rit.* **Slower**

T1  
 T2  
 B1  
 B2

the var - ied car - ols I hear; those of the me - chan - ics — each one sing - ing his, as it should be —

the var - ied car - ols I hear; those of the me - chan - ics — each one sing - ing his, as it should be —

the var - ied car - ols I hear; those of the me - chan - ics — each one sing - ing his, as it should be —

the var - ied car - ols I hear; those of the me - chan - ics — each one sing - ing his, as it should be —

---

**B**

9

*p* *mf* *a tempo*

T1  
 T2  
 B1  
 B2

— blithe and strong; — the car - pen - ter sing - ing his, the

— blithe and strong; — as he mea - sured his plank or beam, —

— blithe and strong; — as he mea - sured his plank or beam, —

— blithe and strong; — the car - pen - ter sing - ing his, the

12

T1 ma - son sing - ing his, the

T2 as he makes read - y for work, or leaves off work; the

B1 as he makes read - y for work, or leaves off work; the

B2 ma - son sing - ing his, or leaves off work; the

14

T1 boat - man sing - ing what be - longs to him in his boat— the deck - hand sing - ing on the

T2 boat - man sing - ing what be - longs to him in his boat— the deck - hand sing - ing on the

B1 boat - man sing - ing what be - longs to him in his boat— the deck - hand sing - ing on the

B2 boat - man sing - ing what be - longs to him in his boat— the deck - hand sing - ing on the

17

T1 steam-boat deck; C

T2 steam-boat deck; the black - smith sing - ing as he

B1 steam-boat deck; the shoe - mak - er sing - ing as he sits on the bench— the black - smith sing - ing as he

B2 steam-boat deck; the shoe - mak - er sing - ing as he sits on the bench— the black - smith sing - ing as he

21

T1 the wood - cut - ter's song— the farm - er on his way in the morn - ing, or at

T2 stands; the wood - cut - ter's song— the farm - er on his way in the morn - ing, or at

B1 stands; the wood - cut - ter's song— the farm - er on his way in the morn - ing, or at

B2 stands; the wood - cut - ter's song— the farm - er on his way in the morn - ing, or at

*(p)* *cresc. poco a poco*

# 8. Sky-Born Music

## SATB Chorus

from the poem "Music"  
 Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1883)  
 G. Walker, alt.

**Smoothly flowing** ♩ = 100  
*as music floating across the sky*

Fl. *mf cantabile*

Fl. *rit.* *p*

9 **A** *a tempo* (♩ = 100)

Fl. *(p)*

S *p gently* I hear a sky - born mu - sic still:

A *p gently* Let me go where I will, I hear a sky - born\_ mu - sic still:

T

B *p* it

**A** *a tempo* (♩ = 100)

Vlns. I *p* *pizz.*

Vlns. II *p* *pizz.*

Vla. *p* *pizz.*

Vlc. *a2* *pizz.* *arco*

Cb. *p* *(p)*

13 with growing excitement

S *mf*  
from

A *mf*  
from

T *mf*  
it sounds from all things young, from

B *mf* *div.* *unis.*  
sounds from all things old, it sounds from all things young, from

Vlns. I *arco* *p* *mf* *simile*

Vlns. II *arco* *p* *mf* *simile*

Vla. *arco* *p* *mf* *simile*

Vlc. Cb. *mf*

17 **B**

S all things fair, and all things foul, rings out a cheer - ful song.

A all things fair, and all things foul, rings out a cheer - ful song.

T all things fair, and all things foul, rings out a cheer - ful song.

B all things fair, and all things foul, rings out a cheer - ful song.

**B**

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc. Cb.

21

S Let me go, let me go, let me go, let me go, let me go where I will.

A Let me go, let me go, let me go, let me go, let me go where I will.

T Let me go, let me go where I will.

B Let me go, let me go where I will.

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc. Cb.

25 **C** with rhythmic energy

S *p* on-ly in the rose, not in the rose... on-ly in the bird, not in the

A *p* It is not on-ly in the rose, it is not on-ly in the bird,

T *p* on-ly in the rose, not in the rose... *mf* on-ly in the bird, not

B *p* on-ly in the rose, not in therose... on-ly in the bird, not in the

**C** with rhythmic energy

Vlns. I *p sub.* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.*

Vlns. II *p sub.* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.*

Vla. *p sub.* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.*

Vlc. *p sub.* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.*

[Cb. rests until m. 29]

29

S *mf* bird . . . nor in the song of voi - ces heard, but *f espr.*

A *mf* nor in the song of voi - ces heard, but *f espr.*

T on - ly where the rain - bow glows, but *f espr.*

B *mf* bird . . . where the rain - bow glows, but *f espr.*

Vlns. I *arco* *mf* *f*

Vlns. II *arco* *mf* *f*

Vla. *arco* *mf* *f*

*a2 arco* *mf* *f*

33 **D** *poco rit.* *p*

S in the dark - est, cold - est things, there al - ways, al - ways, some - thing

A in the dark - est, cold - est things, there al - ways, al - ways, some - thing

T in the dark - est, cold - est things, Hmm

B in the dark - est, cold - est things, Hmm

Vlns. I *p* *pp*

Vlns. II *p* *pp*

Vla. *p* *pp*

*p* *pp*

*the "spirit of music" (as if in the distance)*

# 9. Everyone Sang

SATB Chorus

Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967)  
published 1919

With gentle motion ♩ = 112

Fl.

Vlns. I *p*

Vlns. II *p*

Vla. *p* rolled pizz. *(p)* arco *legato*

Vlc. *p* rolled pizz. *(p)* arco *legato*

Cb. *p* pizz. *(p)* arco *legato*

Fl. *p* 5 *mf* as birds in flight

Vlns. I *mf*

Vlns. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vlc. *mf*

Cb. *mf*



Soloists sing from within chorus

**A** Same tempo

8

Fl.

*p*

Soprano Solo 1 *mf* with excitement

Ev - 'ry - one sud - den - ly burst out

**A** Same tempo

*rolled pizz.*

*p*

*rolled pizz.*

*p*

*rolled pizz.*

*p*

*rolled pizz.*

*pizz.*

*p*

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

**10**

Fl.

Soprano Solo 2 *mf* with excitement

Baritone Solo *mf* with excitement

sing - ing, and I was filled with such de - light

as

*arco*

*(p)*

*arco*

*(p)*

Vlns. I

Vlns. II

Vla.

Vlc.

Cb.

13

Fl. *mf*

B  
pris - oned birds must find in free - dom wing - ing

Vlns. I *mf*  
II *arco* *(p)*

Vla. *arco* *(p)*

Vlc.

Cb.

15

Fl. *poco rit.* **Slightly slower**

A *mf*  
and the

T *mf*  
and the

B *Tutti div.* *mf*  
wild - ly a - cross the white orch - ards and the

Vlns. I *poco rit.* *(pizz.)* **Slightly slower**  
II

Vla.

Vlc. *pizz.*

Cb. *pizz.*

17 **B**

S on, on, out of sight.

A dark green fields, on, on, out of sight.

T dark green fields, on, on, out of sight.

B dark green fields, on, on, out of sight.

Vlns. I *mf* *arco* *p*

Vlns. II *mf* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p*

21 *accel.* **C** *a tempo* (♩ = 112)

Fl. *p* *mf*

S Ev - 'ry-one's voice was sud - den - ly lift - ed, and *p*

A Ev - 'ry-one's voice was sud - den - ly lift - ed, and *p*

T Ev - 'ry-one's voice was sud - den - ly lift - ed, and

B Ev - 'ry-one's voice was sud - den - ly lift - ed, and

Vlns. I *accel.* *p* *mf* *rolled pizz.*

Vlns. II *p* *mf* *rolled pizz.*

Vla. *p* *mf* *rolled pizz.*

Vlc. *arco* *p* *mf* *rolled pizz.*

Cb. *arco* *p* *mf* *pizz.*